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AMERICAN ETCHERS

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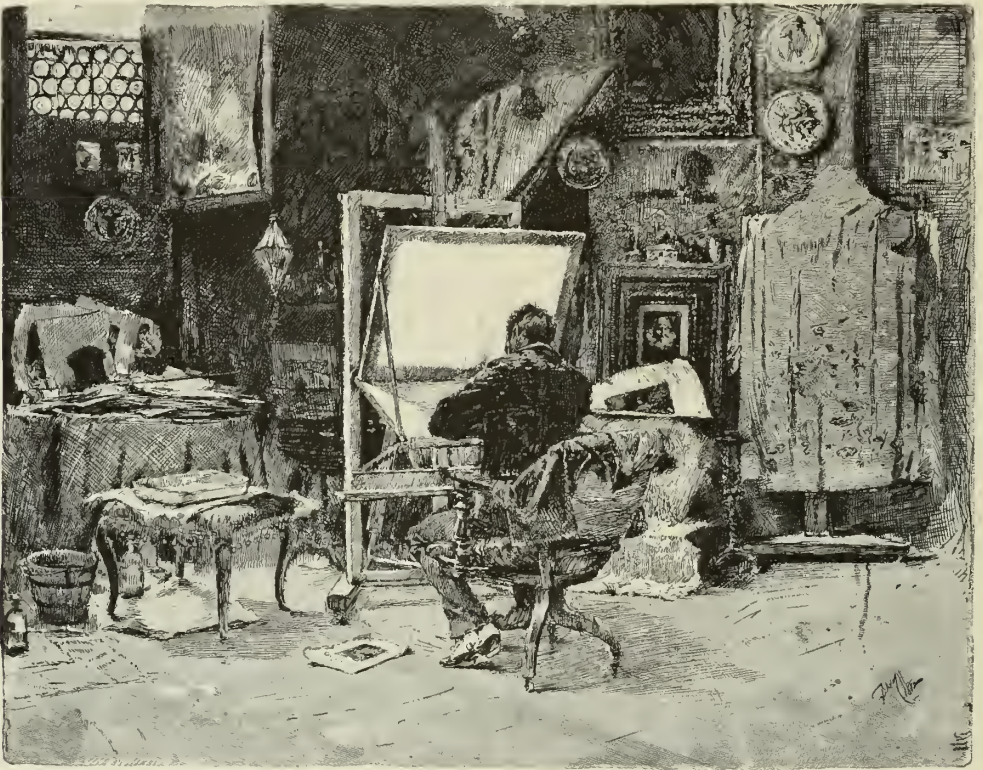
AMERICAN ETCHERS



THE term etching has a definite and limited significance too often disregarded in popular speech. Its maltreatment seems the more inexcusable when we remember that it is not a word originally wider in meaning which has been narrowed by the custom of the studio into limited technical applicability; but that its etymological, dictionary force is at one with its employment in artistic parlance. And as it denotes not an effect but a process, there should not be the least confusion with regard to it.

Even if it were possible—as it is not—to produce identical effects by other methods, no work so produced could be called etched work. *To etch* comes from the same root as *to eat*, the Greek *ἔδω*. Only such prints as are made from plates that have been acted upon by acid—bitten into, eaten away—are to be named etchings. To produce a print of this kind, the artist takes a plate—usually of copper, though sometimes of zinc—and coats it with a preparation formed of wax and other ingredients. Upon this “ground,” after it has been blackened with smoke so that his strokes will show more clearly, he draws his subject with a sharp-pointed instrument called a “needle” or “point,” using just sufficient pressure to remove the ground along the line of his strokes without scratching the metal underneath. The plate is then immersed in a shallow pan of acid called a “bath.” This acid, or “mordant,” acts upon the uncovered portions of the plate—upon the artist’s lines, that is—but has no effect upon the portions still protected by the ground. When the “biting” is accomplished, the plate is cleaned, inked and printed on a roller-press. This is the bald theory of etching; but its practice is a much more complicated affair than might be thought. Variety in the blackness or strength of lines cannot be produced—as in pen-drawing, for example—by varying degrees of pressure given to

the draughtsman's tool. This can do no more than remove the ground with a finer or a blunter point, thus producing lines which would vary in width, but scarcely at all in blackness, were all acted upon to an equal extent by the acid. But all are not thus equally acted upon. The palest, finest lines in a print have been bitten for a very short period; the darkest, strongest ones for a comparatively long period; and all intermediate lines for periods of intermediate lengths. There are various ways of obtaining these results. In one—the traditionary process employed by the great etchers of other days—the subject is completely drawn upon the plate, which is then immersed in the acid long enough to bite the lines intended to be palest. Then the plate is removed from the bath, the



A MODERN ETCHER. (ROBERT BLUM.)

finished lines are "stopped out" with protecting varnish, so that the acid can no longer touch them, and the biting is resumed, these "stoppings out" being continued until all the desired gradations have been successively arrived at.*

Another process, usually called the "continuous," consists in drawing at first upon the plate only such lines as are intended to be darkest, biting these, cleaning and re-grounding the plate, laying and biting the lines of the next degree of strength, and so proceeding until the plate is finished. A third process, first brought into favor by Mr. Haden, presupposes the use of an acid which works rather slowly. In this the untouched plate is immersed, and the etcher's work is

* Of course the *order* in which the gradations are secured may be varied to suit individual desires. But it is impossible here to dwell upon the manifold minor resources of the art.



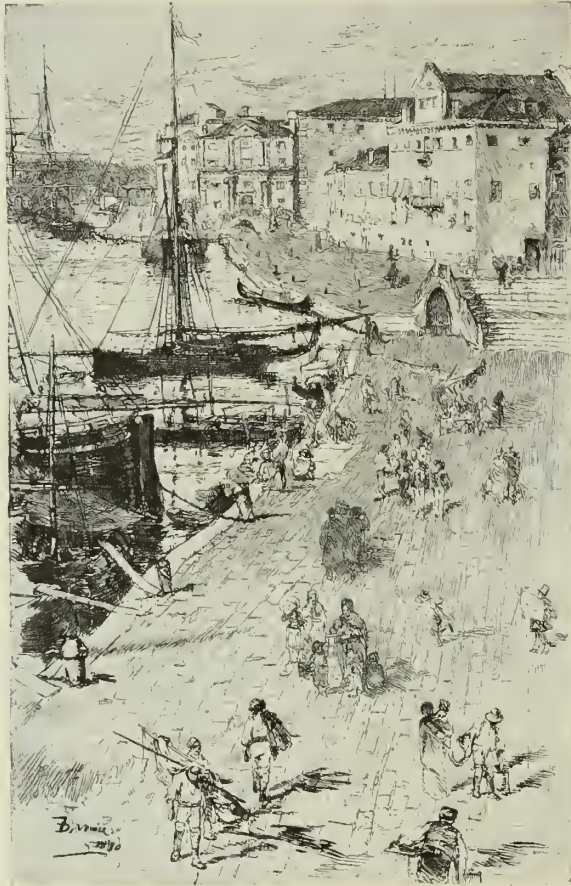
J. HEWHITNEY SC.

JOF. (JAMES A. M. WHISTLER.)*

done upon it through the liquid. Of course, here also the strongest lines will be laid in first and the work carried on gradually up to the very palest. This process has many advantages—and not alone in its saving of trouble—but it requires such mastery of the art, so perfect a foreknowledge of just what effects are desired and just what methods must be used to get them, that it is fit only for the most able hands. There are other methods and combinations of methods in use, but they cannot be here described. Enough has been said, I think, to show the general technical principles of the art. But a few words must be added with reference to the completion of a plate. The reader will understand that the biting plays as important a part in an etching as the draughtsmanship proper, since upon it depend all the artist's effects of tone and color and aerial perspective. But even when the last biting is finished, the plate is not of necessity complete. It may afterward be worked upon: with the "dry point"—that is, with the needle, in lines that *cut* the copper, and are not submitted to

* Reprinted from the *Century* magazine for August, 1879.

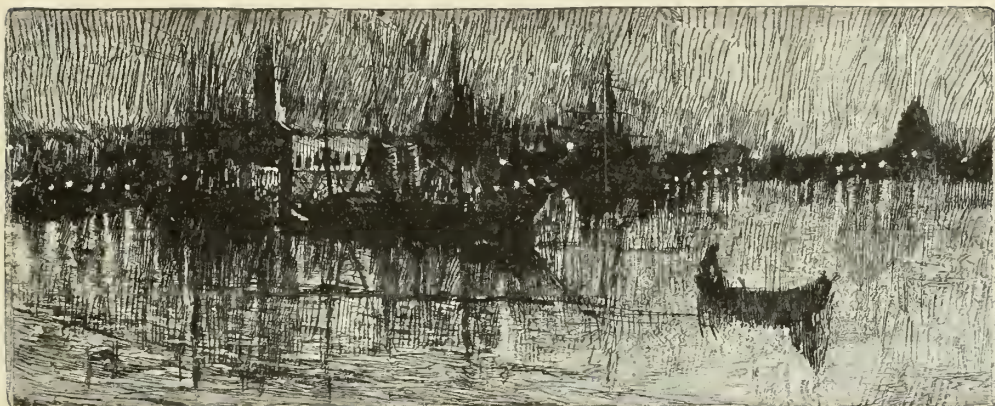
the acid at all;* with a line-engraver's burin; with the "roulette"—a tiny wheel that gives results analogous to those of mezzotinting; with pumice-stone, to roughen the surface; and in more than one way besides. Moreover, when the plate leaves the etcher's hands, the printer often has his special work to do. The simplest way to print an etching is, of course, to wipe the surface of the plate quite clean. Then nothing prints save the lines which hold the ink below the surface and into which the paper is driven by the action of the press. But



RIVA DEGLI SCHIAVONI, VENICE. (FRANK DUENECK.)

to obtain *flat* tints, films of ink, of greater or less strength, are often left over portions of the plate or (after it has been wiped) are brought up out of the sunken lines by a peculiar application of the rag—a process known as *retroussage*. And these films, of course, print tints of greater or less blackness. Often, as in

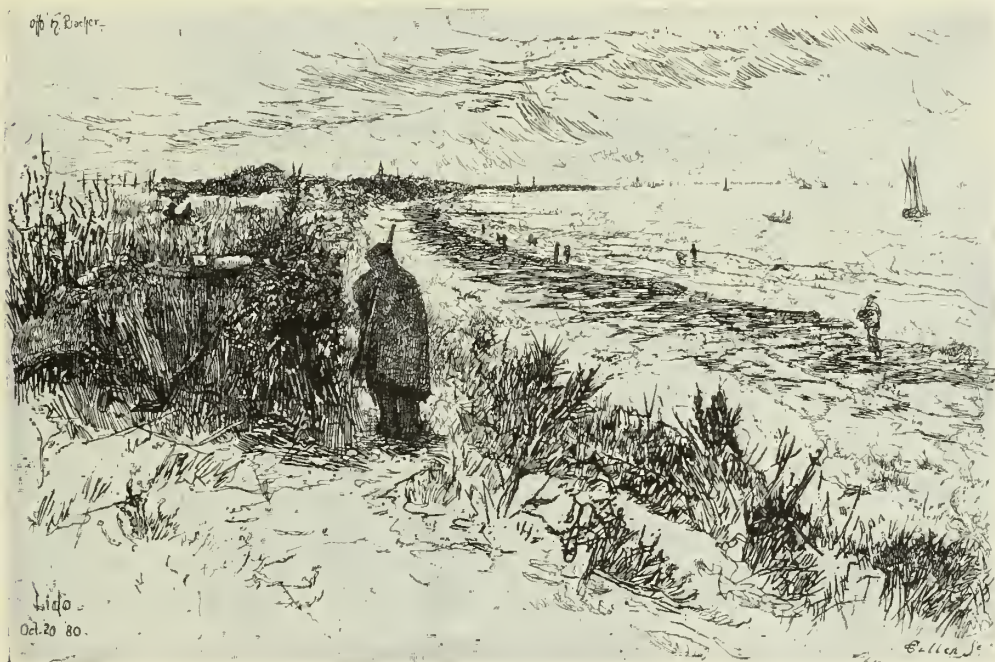
* I have said above that no work which is not *bitten* ought to be called etched work; but one exception may be made. The "dry point" has always been so freely used in combination with true etched lines that we are not surprised to find that in all ages it has also been used, upon occasion, without any etched lines at all—without any biting-in being needed to complete the plate prepared with it. The product of such a process is, strictly speaking, not an etching but a "dry-point"; and is always so called by the connoisseur. But in common parlance it may lawfully be called an etching, since the likeness is so close alike in the materials employed and in the effects produced. Yet the likeness in effect by no means amounts to identity. Dry-point work has a peculiar quality of its own—a velvety blackness and softness which bitten work cannot achieve, since it results from the impression made by the "burr" or rough edge turned up by the needle as it ploughs through the copper.



A WET EVENING IN VENICE. (OTTO H. BACHER.)

the etching by Mr. Blum here reproduced, this so-called "artificial" or "artistic" printing plays a very important rôle. And some of my readers may remember the many "monotypes" which have been exhibited during the past year. These are produced by artificial printing *alone*—unassisted by any etched lines. Of course, with this process—as its name implies—a plate can only give a single impression; and equally of course, an etched plate, whether with or without added flat tones, must be inked anew before the taking of each impression.

It is difficult, in the short space at my command and hampered by the desire to reserve as many pages as possible for a notice of individual American workmen, even to hint at the peculiar characteristics of the etcher's art, the peculiar gifts necessary for its successful practice. But I must try, though in the



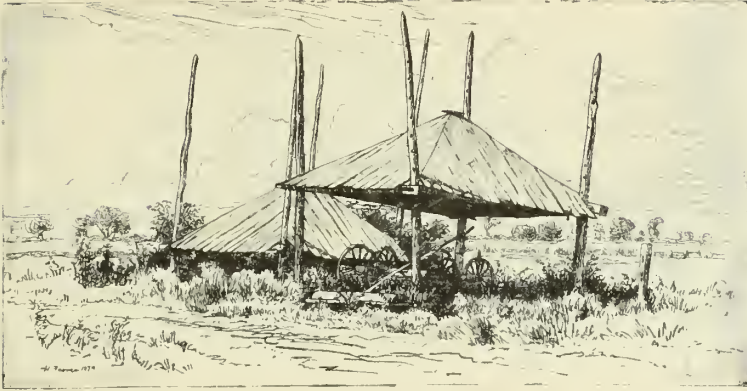
SEA-SHORE, LIDO, VENICE. (OTTO H. BACHER.)

fewest words. Why, in the first place, is etching held to be a much more "artistic" process than any other manner of engraving? Why does it attract the hand of original, creative artists who leave other processes to their special students? Simply because it is infinitely *freer* than any other multiplying process, being, indeed, freer than any other *point* process whatsoever, as the etching ground offers even less resistance to an artist's touch than paper to the pen or pencil. It is the only graphic process by which an artist can *improvise*—can put his own thoughts—directly, and with such ease that his most fleeting vision can be fixed and the least idiosyncrasy of his handling be preserved—upon a plate from which many duplicates may be printed. And, of course, it is this characteristic which makes etching so seductive to the artist, and which makes its results so interesting to the amateur.

Another charm of etched work—one which is less easy to explain in words, however, and which cannot be fully understood from the wood-cut reproductions here put before the reader—lies in the fact that the lines obtained by it differ vastly *in kind* from those obtained by any other engraver's process. Its blacks are deeper and richer and more velvety than those possible to any other linear process (whether a multiplying process or not), and its lights by contrast higher and more brilliant. Thus a wider range for the translation of color is at command. Moreover, an etched line, of whatever degree of strength or delicacy, has a peculiar quality of its own. An engraved line, cut slowly and painfully into the metal, will not only be stiffer, more mechanical, less autographic, than a line cut swiftly and easily into yielding wax, but when printed, from its even monotonous structure, will always look cold and hard. But the action of acid is *not* even and mechanical. A bitten line is full of slight irregularities, ragged and minutely uneven; and when printed it will have far more of life and vivacity and accent. A lover of etching finds in the contemplation of a single strong, well-bitten line a pleasure akin to that found by the amateur of painting in the contemplation of a single strong, well-laid brush stroke—a pleasure which has no equivalent if we study an engraved line in isolation. There is nothing at all in linear work (whether engraved or merely drawn) that compares with an etching for freedom, strength, and personal expression; and there is nothing like it in monochromatic work for warmth, strength, tenderness and beauty of color.

A word must, however, be said as to the limitations of the art—limitations which its lovers will hardly acknowledge to be drawbacks. As it is a strictly linear process it cannot cope with processes where tints and masses are employed in the rendering of full and perfect tone. Almost perfect tonality can, it is true, be accomplished with the needle and its various aids, but only with much labor and a sacrifice of frank linear expressiveness. Of the degree to which excellence has been attained in this respect, by modern "reproductive" etchers especially, I shall say a brief word later on. Here I will only note that the greatest original etchers are usually content to give tone and gradation in a partial, arbitrary, and strictly interpretative way, since by so doing they retain rapidity of handling and—the prime excellence of the art—strong linear expression. In a word, they think more of form and color and freedom than of complete tonality.

When we begin to examine etched work in particular examples, we shall prize most highly those prints in which its characteristic qualities are most



HAY-RICKS. (H. FARRER.)

perfectly exhibited, its limitations most loyally respected—since, as Mr. Hamerton well says, an art is at its best when most thoroughly *itself*. Those etchings which are the freest and most personal in handling and the richest in color, and in which the line is most strongly and expressively employed, will be the finest. Of course, as in all other arts so with this one, there is something more than technical skill to be considered: there is the idea which it expresses or the sentiment which it interprets. But as etching is not an imitative art, even to the comparative degree in which some arts may be so esteemed, as it is the most boldly and frankly *interpretative* of all graphic modes—original, valuable ideas must have existed where really fine workmanship is seen. The etcher's translation into expressive linear language of something which has shown no similar lines in nature, presupposes a power of clear analysis. And in so interpretative an art, where very many facts in every theme must be omitted, their effect dispensed with altogether or merely suggested to the observer's memory, the converse power of synthesis is implied as well. An etcher who speaks strongly must speak concisely, significantly, rapidly, and, if I may so express it, typically or symbolically. Therefore he must be possessed by a clear idea of the things he wants to say, looking to it that they are not so many as to confuse or so alien as to confound his peculiar form of speech. And so it is that when we see in an etching really strong and individual workmanship it vouches for intellectual qualities as well—it presupposes, by its very existence, clear, individual ideas or characteristic sentiments in the etcher, with the presence of the high artistic powers to which I have just referred,—the powers of analysis, condensation, and interpretation. It was his recognition of these facts which made Jules Dupré exclaim: "Artists paint on their good days and their bad, but etch on their good ones only." And such facts and such testimony may well dispose of the too prevalent idea that etching is an "easy" art,—one fitted for the casual attention of any dilettante.

And they imply that perhaps the chief thing to be prized in an etcher's work is *economy of labor*. As the art is essentially a free and rapid one, and as it is difficult and (so far as the action of the acid is concerned) always more or less uncertain, one's effects should be produced with as much simplicity as possible. An elaborate, patiently worked-up plate is never as delightful as one executed with more freedom, with less expenditure of time and effort—provided,



AN OCTOBER DAY. (R. SWAIN GIFFORD.)

of course, that the desired effect has been secured. Work done with few lines and vital ones, its meaning suggested by subtle "short-hand" methods, which leave the white paper to play an important part in the general result, appeals to most lovers of the art with especial force and charm. I should repeat, perhaps, that I am speaking now of original etchings only—of "painter etchings" as distinguished from reproductive work.

I hope the reader has not found his patience too sorely tried by so many technical explanations. He must remember that we cannot understand an artist's speech in all its meaning or appreciate one-half his skill, unless we know how he has been helped and limited by his tools. And with regard to so artistic and so peculiar a process as etching, such knowledge is doubly needful.*

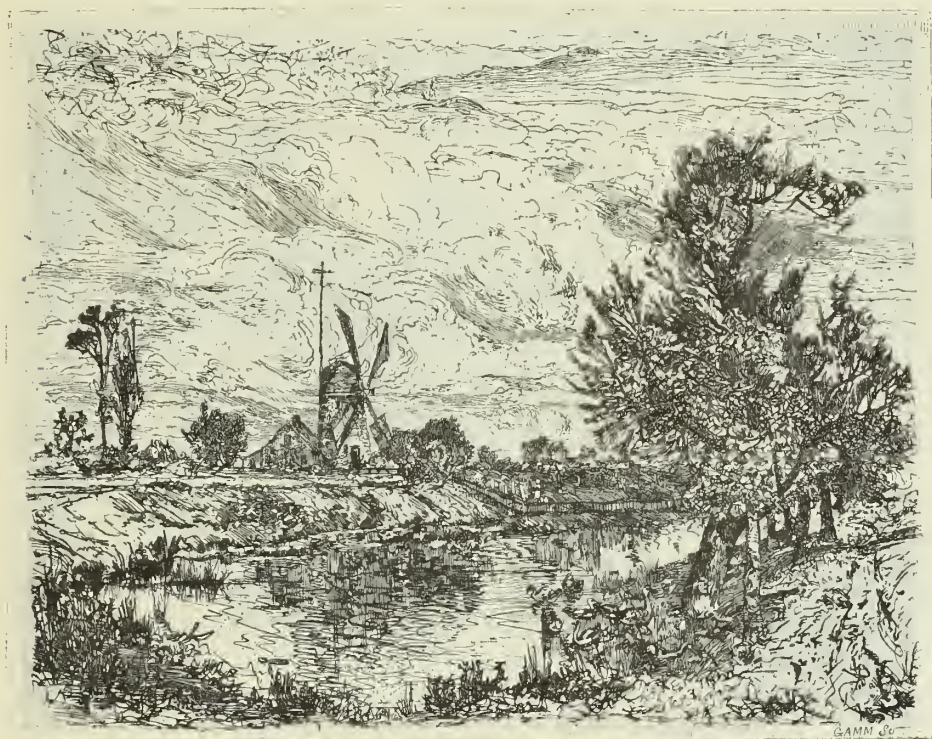
The history of etching is a peculiar one. Though brought into notice by Albrecht Duerer and his contemporaries on both sides of the Alps, the full possibilities of the art were first developed a century later by Dutch and Flemish artists. The greatest of these as a painter was the greatest also as an etcher—the completest master of the art who has yet been born. In Rembrandt we find all the endowments of an etcher in such force, and find them displayed along so many lines,—with so many results of surprising unlikeness but of equal excellence,—that a study of his work alone would serve to show nearly all of which the art is capable. During a long period which succeeded the extinction of the great Netherland schools and lasted into our own century, the art fell into almost complete disuse and into completer public disesteem. But when a growing love of "romantic" and "picturesque" tendencies in art opposed itself to the insipidities, the "classicism," and the formalities of preceding generations, modern artists were inspired by the etched as well as by the painted work of their great Dutch predecessors. Delacroix, Charles Jacque and Daubigny were among the first to re-create an art most admirably adapted to express what in their time had become the prevailing artistic mood. Méryon, one of the greatest etchers of our day, was at work in 1850,† and with him a host of scarcely inferior work-

*For complete instruction in the theory and history of the art, the reader is referred to Mr. Hamerton's delightful volume, "Etching and Etchers." His "Etcher's Handbook" gives full directions for its practice, but should be read, not only by those who aspire to work, but also by those who wish to understand the work of others. Lalanne's book on "Etching," translated and annotated by Mr. S. R. Koehler, may also be recommended to every student, and much information may be got from Mr. Hamerton's essay on Mr. Haden's work in the *Century* magazine for August, 1880.

† See supplement to this pamphlet.

men. And after the establishment of the Second Empire, etchers were recognized as a special class of exhibitors at the Paris *Salons*.

Strictly speaking, the art revived a little earlier in England than in France, but with so much less of truth and energy that the English school was soon outstripped by the Parisian, to which all others are even yet inferior. Not only are etchers more numerous in France than in any other country and their products far more widely appreciated, but these last are, as a rule, more original and various, and in greater conformity to the true spirit of the art. I do not forget that one or two of the very ablest modern etchers have been Englishmen, but, nevertheless, my words hold true of French etchers as a class. And it is, therefore, a matter of congratulation that our own men have started in French rather than in English paths, though by no means in a servile or an imitative spirit.



A GOOSE-POND — EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND. (MARY NIMMO MORAN.)

If we consider now the brief history of etching in America, here, too, it will be found to have had its ups and downs. An exhibition of American etchings, held at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in the spring of 1881, showed that as early as the thirties and forties there had been etchers in this country. Among the names of these long-forgotten pioneers we read some which are quite unfamiliar; some, like that of William Dunlap, the first historian of American art, which are associated with quite other things; and some which are of artists who, like Edwin White, have since gone over to the majority, or who, like Mr. Falconer and George L. Brown, still live and work among us. It would be too much to say that any of these men were etchers in the true sense of the word, with the exception, I think, of Mr. Falconer; and still less were they etchers of

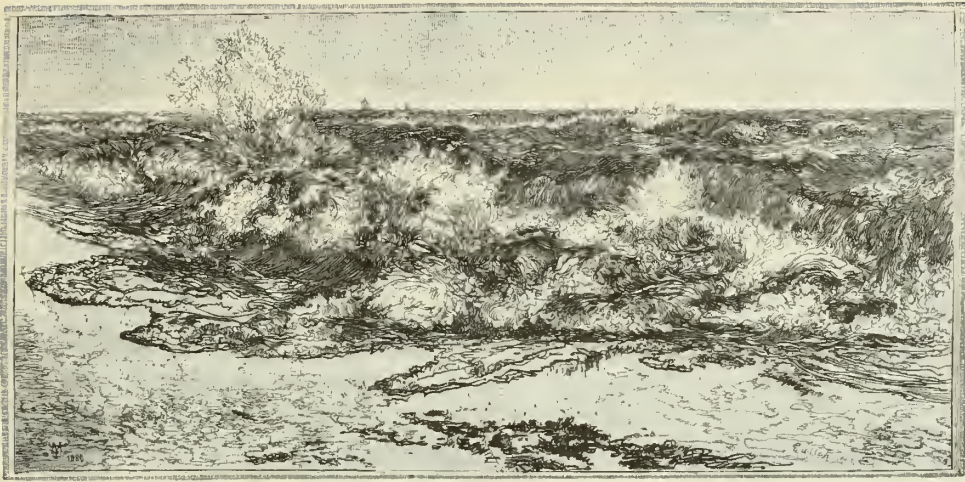
originality or force. Usually they drew upon the copper with little idea of its unique requirements and with results of no artistic value. But their aspirations should be held in grateful recollection none the less, for theirs was the day of small things,—a time when every earnest student of art must have had an appreciable influence in a community where his fellows were so few.

A name which should not be forgotten is that of Edwin Forbes, who published * a large portfolio of etchings called "Life Studies of the Great Army," containing forty plates illustrating the life of the Union armies during the years 1861-65. They are not executed in the true "etcher's spirit" or with great technical skill, but they are clever and interesting none the less, and will have historic value as the most complete and characteristic contemporary record of our military life. Mr. Forbes's work won foreign praise, and caused him to be elected a member of the French Etching Club and an honorary foreign member of the old London Etching Club as well.

In the year 1866 a spasmodic interest in the art was prompted by a M. Cadart, who established in New York what he called a "French Etching Club," and whose instructions drew about him some of the younger artists of the day. But there followed another apathetic period, and it is only within very recent years that the art has shown any real, spontaneous activity likely to result in vigorous and fruitful growth. The year which followed that of the Centennial Exhibition, when so many unaccustomed eyes had been led to look with interest at things of art, may almost be called an epoch in the history of American development. In 1877, the torpid National Academy precincts saw the advent of certain young men from Munich who caused a great rattling of dry bones at the moment, and who proved but the advance guard of a whole battalion of fresh and eager painters. And, what more nearly concerns us here, it was this year which saw the birth of the "New York Etching Club," an association formed by a few earnest students of the art to incite activity by brotherly reunions and to spread its results by annual exhibitions. The young society went through that struggle for existence which seems ordained for babes of every sort,—even for those which, like this artistic infant, are well fathered and tenderly watched over. The public was indifferent, and some of the Club's own members were too much absorbed in other work even to heed that condition of membership which prescribed that each should produce at least two plates every year. But though its survival was due to the pains and sacrifices of a few men who deserve well of the republic, the Etching Club is now prosperous and busy, and has been more potent than any other influence in aiding the progress of the art among us and in winning the public to its love.

An event which should be named as having worked with vigor toward the same good ends was the establishment, in 1879, of the *American Art Review*. Its editor, Mr. S. R. Koehler, was especially anxious to foster etching in America, and gave with each monthly number of the magazine original etchings by native workmen, accompanied by clear critical notices from his own pen. During the two years of the *Review's* most regrettably brief career it did much to benefit both the artist and the public, and its discontinuance was, in the words of the Etching Club itself, "a bereavement to the American etcher." In the spring of 1881, as I have said, an exhibition of American etchings was held in

* In what year I cannot say, but they were copyrighted in 1876.



THE BREAKING WAVE. (THOMAS MORAN.)

Boston, chiefly owing to the exertions of Mr. Kochler. At the same time, our workmen were winning their first foreign laurels. In the month of May was held in London the first exhibition of the English "Society of Painter-Etchers." The prints solicited from American artists caused such general surprise and were so cordially praised by the best foreign judges that a thrill of pride must have stirred every needle in this country. No less than ten Americans—Mrs. Thomas Moran, Messrs. Thomas Moran, Farrer, Falconer, Swain Gifford, James Smillie, Bellows, Parrish, F. S. Church and Frank Duveneck—were at once elected members of the new society, one print by each being chosen for its collection. Mrs. Moran's "Goose-pond," here reproduced, was one of the "diploma" pictures thus selected.

The exhibition held in New York last winter under the patronage of the Club, though not confined to the work of its members, was a surprise even to those who had watched with appreciative eyes the rapid progress of the art among us. Two rooms were filled with prints signed by fifty-three American names. Most of them were satisfactory, and some of them were quite admirable. We may not be able to count as yet any name of the highest rank save that of Mr. Whistler. But we must remember that, as Mr. Hamerton says, great etchers are produced at about the rate of two or three to a generation. And in an art so essentially artistic, and so exacting and peculiar in its requirements, there are many places below the very highest which admirable workmen alone can fill.

One or two external influences have worked so palpably to encourage etching in America, that they also must be mentioned before I pass from this brief history of our school to a briefer criticism of the work it has thus far done. Mr. Hamerton's teaching is one such influence. It would be hard to compute the good done by his book,—which won a sudden wide popularity very unusual to volumes of its sort,—both in prompting artists to take up the point, and in telling the public how to appreciate their efforts. Mr. Haden's etchings have worked strongly in the same direction, not only in and by themselves, but through the benefits their success has conferred upon the least of Mr. Haden's brethren in art as well as upon himself. It is not necessary here to dwell upon

the degree of that success or upon the merit which secured it. Just now, when Mr. Haden has so recently come to visit us, the most casual reader may be supposed to know something of the one and of the other. Before the day of that success it was difficult indeed to sell modern etchings in England or America. But Mr. Haden opened the market to all good workmen, for he opened the eyes of his countrymen and our own. It is hoped and believed that his visit will give a fresh impulsion to the etcher's art among us. The mere presence of a great man has an inspiring effect upon his fellow artists; and the words of such an one, whether speaking in print or from the lecture platform, appeal to a more receptive audience than is reached by a whole chorus of lesser voices. Mr. Whistler's influence is another that should not be forgotten in a summary of the things which have helped us on our way. He is an American artist and so must be discussed with more of detail. First, however, I would say a word as to the characteristics of our school in general,—for it is, I think, sufficiently independent and sufficiently well-established to have some that are worthy of the name.

One of the chief temptations which assail an artist in our day is the temptation to make a show of boldness and rapidity and synthesis if the real things are not at his command—to work in a rough and careless or pretentious way, which, with untrained eyes, may pass for the freedom and vigor and breadth of a master hand. And as etching is an art where freedom is especially prized, and where, from the strictly interpretative nature of the method, the public may find it difficult to distinguish between an almost arbitrary yet truthful and brilliant interpretation of nature like one of Mr. Haden's, and a "free" but meaningless scribble on the copper,—it was to be feared that our young etchers might fall into sins of a careless or pretentious sort. But such has not been the case. When they do sin it is usually in the way of too much timidity, too little personality and force of handling, too much useless elaboration, too little abstraction and condensation and insistence upon the vital structure of their subject. They have not always conquered the possibilities of their art in the way of breadth and strength and originality; but they have not often travestied these best things. As a school they have begun conscientiously and soberly, and are therefore more likely to work their way to complete mastery than if they had begun in careless over-confidence or willful posturing.

Another fact which has struck me most favorably is that as a rule our men show a very just instinct in the choice of their material. There is no kind of material, scarcely an "effect" of any sort, which may not be attempted with success in etching,—which has not been successfully interpreted by the great men of one day or of another. But it is nevertheless true, with this art as with all others, that certain things are by nature best adapted to its use. From the description of the process it will be felt that it must work most easily and surely upon things which can be expressed by few and powerful lines and simple tonic schemes. Form and color are its strongholds; strength and directness its great virtues; and, as Charles Blanc says, "It is attracted most by everything that is irregular, *bizarre*, incomplete, unexpected, disordered, or in ruin." And with these requirements our etchers seem to be in unison.

There is still a third tendency to be discovered in our work which cannot be too highly praised. Our best men—with the exception of Mr. Whistler and a few who have been inspired by him and Venice—have learned their art at home

and have chosen local themes for its display. While our art is still so young and so rapidly developing, it cannot be too often said that all hope for its future as a characteristic national school must lie in the willingness of our men to interpret the life which gave them birth, and to which—in spite of foreign residence and training—their spirits must be most akin. Nor need the American etcher, by the way, be the man to complain that nature so decrees. Admirable material for his art lies ready to his hand,—especially in our great harbors and in our coast lands, with their long reaches of sand and rock, their changeful skies, their rugged wind-torn growths of stem and foliage, their quaint forms of hull and sail, their tangled lines of mast and cordage, and the picturesqueness of their weather-beaten little towns, with the irregular shapes and strong outlines proper to wooden structures no longer in the ugly pride of newness. It is fortunate indeed that our men see the value of these things—fortunate for themselves as



GLOUCESTER FERRY. (STEPHEN PARRISH.)

well as for the national repute, since every worker does his best when most at home with his subject-matter, and since, moreover, there is no such spur to originality of expression—that chief of charms in etching—as freshness of material. We cannot easily be the parrots of any other man if we are saying something that none has said before.

Mr. Whistler's name is, of course, the first that should be mentioned in a list of American etchers. Though most of his art education was obtained in Paris, and though his long residence in England has caused him to be identified with the younger English school, Whistler is an American by birth and breeding; and—what is of more importance in deciding his artistic nationality—he is, it seems to me, quite peculiarly American in his temperament. He is one of the very first few among living etchers, and his plates assisted those of Mr. Haden in the good work of bringing the etcher's art once more into wide popularity. Mr. Whistler does not often try for even approximate tonality, but in individuality, in sentiment, and in free, frank, artistic, and "telling" use of the line, he

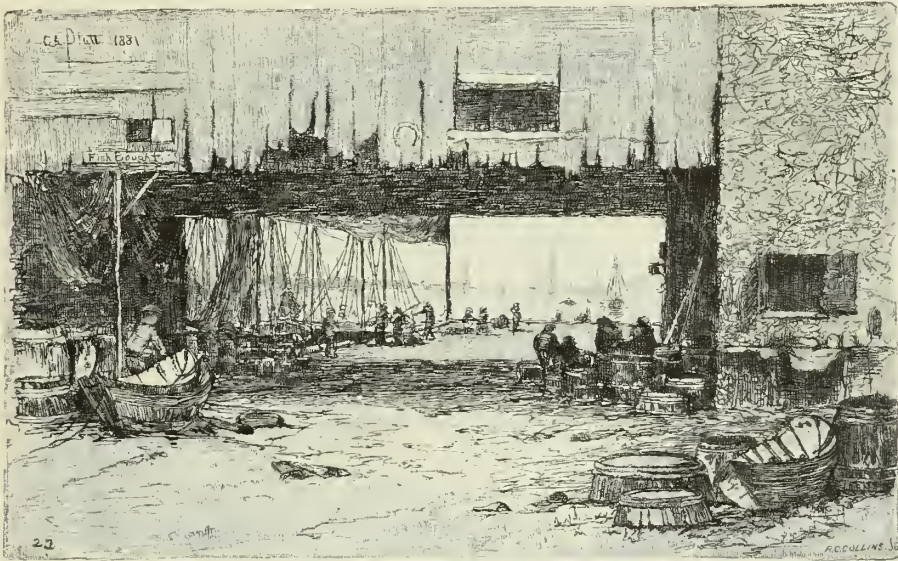


AN AMERICAN VENICE. (JOSEPH PENNELL.)

has no superior among the moderns and few equals in any age. His work is at times extremely strong and always supremely delicate, and wonderfully vital and original. His strength is nervous and brilliant and incisive, not massive like Mr. Haden's; but his utmost delicacy has never a hint of commonplace or weakness. Every stroke has meaning, and each is set with beautiful skill and rare artistic feeling. His earliest plates—a series representing the Thames in and about London—had, at the time of their publication, some twelve years back, a quite noteworthy influence in showing what may be done with materials essentially modern and supposedly unpicturesque. His figure and portrait etchings are, to me, the finest that have come from any living hand. Mr. Whistler has stood, by the fact of his foreign residence, outside the main current of the art as developed in America; but he has had a strong direct influence upon some few of our men, as well as a stronger indirect influence upon the art in general. Of late years he has worked largely in Venice, and has had about him there from time to time a group of younger workmen who, while not imitating him in servile fashion, yet show the impress of his example. Among them is Mr. Duveneck—too strong a man to be beholden even to a Whistler for thoughts or manner. Though doubtless inspired by Whistler's plates to work from similar themes, his products are of an original sort. It is hard to explain such differences in words; but I may say that his plates are more massive, more full of detail and color, while showing less individuality of sentiment and a less free and graceful linear beauty than Mr. Whistler's. Some of Mr. Duveneck's large plates are among the best things done in recent years, and are quite wonderful in the way they reproduce the color and busy stir and strongly contrasted effects of modern Venice. Next, perhaps, I may speak of Mr. Otto Bacher, a young artist who worked at first in a simple, quiet style and from simple pastoral subjects, but

who, since his Venetian visits, has adopted a bolder, stronger manner and tried more complicated themes. His aims are very much the same as those of Mr. Duveneck, but he is not quite so skillful as the elder artist in his management of the vigorous, crowded lines which they both delight in. Mr. Bacher has usually etched direct from nature. At first he worked in the bath, but while in Venice he found the older process of biting and stopping out indoors to be more convenient. Other young men who have done good work from similar themes are Messrs. Corwin, Wendell, Rosenberg, and Hopkins.

It should be noted—as a happy sign once more—that from Whistler and Duveneck down to their last young pupil, it is not the Venice of tradition or of fantasy which has inspired the needle, but the Venice of to-day,—that modern life where the nineteenth century utilizes the relics of the *cinque cento*; where great ships loom up amid the hurrying gondolas, and where smoke and steam play their not ignoble part in the gorgeous panorama of Venetian skies.



INTERIOR OF FISH-HOUSE. (CHARLES PLATT.)

Turning from this little band of clever workmen we find few American etchers who have chosen foreign themes, and not one who, if so choosing upon occasion, has done his best work thereupon. Mr. Henry Farrer, for example, one of the earliest and most prolific of our etchers, has tried subjects of many sorts, but all of local flavor, producing his best plates, perhaps, when depicting scenes in and about the harbor of New York. His early work was very careful and elaborate, but he has gradually made his way to far greater simplicity and far greater power. I would especially name several plates with dark hulls relieved against a brilliant evening or morning sky, as strikingly effective and thoroughly good in workmanship. The "Hay-ricks" here reproduced is not very characteristic of his most individual mood or choice of theme. But it has seemed better,—in this as in more than one other instance,—to choose for reproduction such a plate as the wood-engraver could give most successfully, rather than one which, while intrinsically finer, would suffer more by interpretation into another art.

In his etched, as in his painted work, Mr. Swain Gifford goes most often to our low coast-line for his subject-matter. In choice of theme he is peculiarly happy, and his handling combines both decision and delicacy to an unusual degree. It is difficult and might be unjust to use absolute superlatives when speaking of men so nearly on a par as our best etchers—to name one as superior to all the others. But I shall keep within a quite undisputed fact in saying that there is not one among them who shows a truer feeling for the requirements of this peculiar art than Mr. Gifford; who etches more truly in the etcher's spirit; who knows so exactly what to omit and what to insist upon, and thus produces such complete effects by such simple and synthetic means. His finest plate, to my eyes, is the "Pandanaram Salt Works,"—most remarkable for quiet simplicity of manner and fullness of meaning, and for a truly artistic management of line and detail. I am only citing, of course, an individual preference; but to me this is the most perfect plate, in sentiment and in execution, that has yet been done in America, though less brilliant and immediately "effective" than some others. It was chosen by the English Society as Mr. Gifford's "diploma" print. Mr. Gifford usually finishes his work from nature, and employs the oldest processes of the art; but sometimes he works by the "continuous" method.

Mrs. Moran is as yet the only woman who is a member of the New York Etching Club, and no name stands higher on its roll. Her work would never reveal her sex—according, that is, to the popular idea of feminine characteristics. It is, above all things, direct, emphatic, bold,—exceeding in these qualities, perhaps, that of any of her male co-workers. The fine plate called "Solitude," published in the *American Art Review*, in 1881, with its tall, thin tree-trunks cutting sharply against a background half dark foliage and half pale sky, and its solid, well-contrasted effects of light and shadow, is a preëminently manly piece of work. The "Goose-pond," here reproduced, is quite as good, though not so original in motive, while the largest plate yet etched by her, the "Twilight," shown at the New York Exhibition of 1882, is even finer. Mrs. Moran painted in oil and water colors for a number of years; but she found her true artistic voice only when she took up the point some three years ago. She has always etched direct from nature, usually finishing her plates to the very last stroke in presence of the chosen scene, and completing them with bitings as few and as vigorous as possible. In the "Twilight" she has made an extensive but well-calculated use of the roulette to produce effects of tone. Her methods are not so exquisitely frank and simple as those of Mr. Gifford, and she seeks more for "pictorial" results than he. For this reason her work is, perhaps, more popular than his. But this reason does not make it less praiseworthy. Their chief plates might well be put side by side to show how the art can vary while remaining at the same level of artistic excellence.

Mrs. Moran's immediate success with the needle was doubtless owing to the fact that she was her husband's pupil. Mr. Thomas Moran had etched for many years before the art became so popular as now, and has experimented in a score of ways, even with the little-practiced art of etching on glass. His plates are very various in character, but to me his best results are those of delicacy and refinement and grace, rather than those of force. His sea-shore sketches are especially attractive. If there is a fault to be found with his work—which, by the way, has won him hearty praise from Mr. Ruskin, who is not a lover of the

art in general—it will be that his compositions sometimes lack unity of conception and consequently of effect,—an excellence that is strongly characteristic of the other names just mentioned.

Mr. Peter Moran has also been a prolific etcher. Animal life chiefly attracts him, and a large plate called "The Return of the Herd," may possibly be called his best. He and his brother have both been fortunate in finding unhackneyed themes in the picturesque regions of the Yellowstone and of Spanish New Mexico.

Mr. Stephen Parrish, whom I should put with Mr. Gifford and Mr. Farrer and Mrs. Moran in the very first rank of our home-keeping etchers, and who is the most popular of them all, has tried his hand at themes of many sorts, but his name is especially associated with sea-board scenes. Our ragged fisher-villages, with their rocky foundations and primitive vessels, have found in him a first and most clear-voiced interpreter. He has experimented widely with his art, especially in the matter of sky-treatment. Those plates in which he has left the



BARNEY'S JOY. (LEROY MILTON VALE.)

largest amount of almost untouched paper to play its part seem to me the most thoroughly successful. Unlike his associates just mentioned, Mr. Parrish does not believe in etching direct from nature, but thinks the peculiar requirements of his art may be better met if pencil sketches are leisurely adapted to the use of point and acid. He usually etches without stopping out, and sometimes altogether in the bath.

Mr. Joseph Pennell's work was hardly known, I think, until a couple of years ago, but secured him at once a place among the foremost. He too has struck out an original line for himself in his sketches of old Philadelphia, with its diversities of level and unexpected flights of steps, its quaint architectural forms, and its narrow streets and curious court-yards so rich in effects of light and shade.* During the last few months he has treated with success similar themes found in lower Louisiana. Mr. Pennell writes me: "I should be most happy to tell you about my 'usual method of working'—but I have n't any. I either work from dark to light, or in the bath, or make the whole drawing in the old-fashioned way and use stopping-out varnish. In fact all my work thus far has

*In an article called "From Cape Ann to Marblehead," published in the *Century* magazine in November, 1881, will be found wood-cuts after Mr. Parrish's best plates, while Mr. Pennell's work is similarly reproduced in "A Ramble in Old Philadelphia," in the number for March, 1882.

merely been a series of experiments. * * * Most of my plates (in fact all, so far as I remember) have been done in a day—and most of them in half of one. About half were done out of doors and the rest from sketches. In future I intend to do everything from nature direct on the plate.”

Mr. Charles A. Platt is a very young man, and just beginning, with energy and serious effort, his work in etching. He seems to have been influenced a good deal by Mr. Parrish, both in his choice of theme and in his manner of working. But his taste is artistic, his individuality is visible, and his master is a good one; so we may hope the three facts will work together till the former predominate in an artist of first-rate quality.

Mr. Vanderhoof has done but few plates, in the preparation of which he has used the dry point very freely. They are all individual and poetic in sentiment and charming in workmanship. The one here reproduced is, so far as I know, the largest and most important he has published.

Mr. Nicoll is another artist worthy of all attention; and Mr. Falconer, the earliest of all our present etchers, has done a great deal of work of various sorts and qualities, from the most painstaking to the most sketchy sort,—the best being in clever renderings of time-worn and curious buildings.

Dr. Yale's name will not be found among those of our professional artists. Etching has been his recreation only, not even a minor branch of his main activity. But he deserves the name of artist none the less, and he is entitled to peculiar honor for the reason that, though standing outside the actual artistic guild, he was one of the most earnest founders and fosterers of the New York Etching Club.

Mr. Coleman, Mr. Bellows, Mr. George H. Smillie, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Kruseman Van Elten; Mr. Harry Chase, Mr. Laffan, Mr. McCutcheon, Mr. Sabin, Mr. Kimball, and Mr. Garrett—these are all men, of the elder or the younger generation, who have done interesting things, but whom the lack of space must deprive of further comment. Mrs. Greatorex has also produced many plates, rather in the spirit of the pen-and-ink draughtsman than of the etcher properly so-called. Still, her records of old New York are artistically as well as historically valuable.

As yet I have spoken only of our landscape etchers, and they form, indeed, a great majority among our workmen. But there are a few who have succeeded with other themes. Chief among these is Mr. F. S. Church, an artist who is so popular, and whose work has been so thoroughly discussed in Europe as well as here at home, that neither my description nor my praise is needed. His fantastic, graceful imagination is unique in our art, and works as well through the medium of point and acid as in other ways. The little cut here given does not show him in his most characteristic mood; but that mood is so familiar to every eye that perhaps a novelty was better chosen.*

Mr. John Ames Mitchell began life as an architect and has done some good etched work with architectural motives. He studied with Brunet-Debaines, one of the best French etchers of our day, and learned from him a delicacy and refinement in the management of his tools which stood him in good stead in several series of small figure-subjects published a while ago in Paris. He is

* For a full and most appreciative notice of Mr. Church's work, the reader is referred to an article by Mr. Comyns Carr in "L'Art" for November 13th and December 4th, 1881.



SOLITUDE. (CHARLES A. VANDERHOOF.)

especially clever, if at times a bit theatrical, in his management of strong floods of light, and has an expressive touch when drawing one of his comically characteristic little faces.

Mr. Dielman's name should not be forgotten in this connection, nor that of Mr. Gaugengigl, who, though a German by birth and education, had never etched till he came to this country.

Mr. Blum shows only two or three plates as his work thus far; but the one here reproduced is among the most ambitious and dashing things we have yet accomplished. It is strongly sketched on zinc, and the elaborate tonality is secured, as has been said, by a somewhat lavish use of artificial printing. The biting was done in a rough-and-ready way, which may be noted to show how many odd devices an etcher can employ. The whole plate was bitten once, and then the acid was poured on certain spots and wiped off when its purpose was accomplished. Naturally, no delicate gradations could be secured in such a way, but for Mr. Blum's purpose it has answered well enough.

Mr. Chase, too, has as yet done little with the needle, but enough to prove him possessed of abilities that would repay further exercise. Quite rightly he does not carry his methods with the brush into his practice with the point. His plate after his own picture called "The Jester," is not a "reproductive" etching, but an etcher's free version of a theme he had quite differently put on canvas. The face, for example, is not carefully modeled so as to duplicate the effect of the painting, but is cleverly and quickly touched with an etcher's characteristic lines and dots.

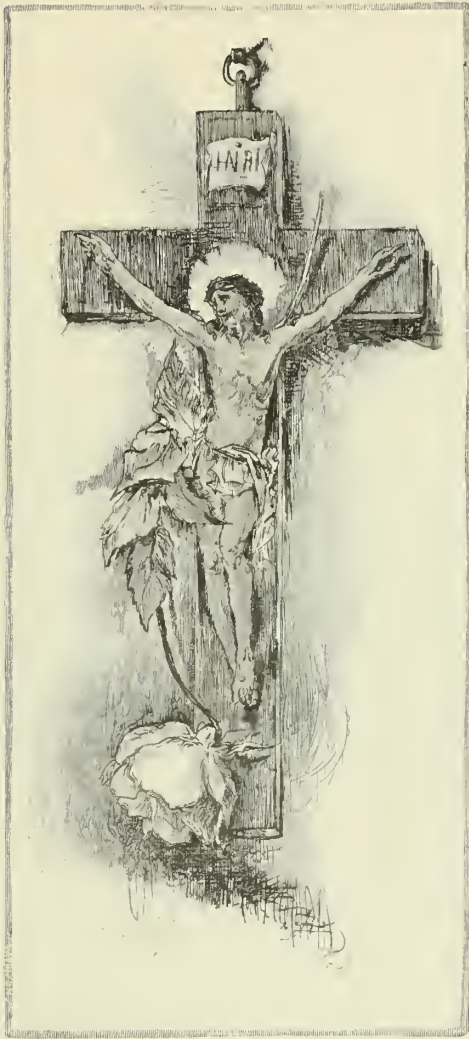
And thus I come at last to say a brief word about reproductive etching. It is a quite distinct branch of the art, though, as always, we find many good works occupying a middle ground between two logical extremes. As so very widely practiced by modern engravers it was unknown in earlier days. Etching was

long used as an auxiliary in other kinds of engraving, but has only lately grown to its full proportions as an independent reproductive craft, its development being due to the decline of the great art of line-engraving, and, I think, to that newly-born taste which demands the preservation of a painter's technical method in a black-and-white reproduction of any sort. This, together with full tone and color, can be secured to a quite wonderful degree in etching, but only at a sacrifice of some qualities we prize most highly in original work. The engraver-etcher's methods are very delicate, very subtle, very artistic, but almost always very slow and, of necessity, very complicated. So he lacks not only the individuality but the spontaneity and the swiftness of the artist, who is called—to mark him off from these engravers with the needle—the *painter-etcher*. Thus, while employing the same technical processes, the reproductive etcher uses them with such different aims that his art is quite another thing from that of Mr. Haden, for example. For has not Mr. Haden said that an etching which is finished in one sitting is likely to be the best? Each art is right and good in its own place. It is only when the spheres of the two have been confused in the same work, when the etcher has not been clear as to his aims and consistent in his methods, that we may call either aims or methods illegitimate.

• It is curious to reflect—when we remember the wonderful interpretative skill of our wood-engravers, and also how American art has always been taunted with its lack of originality—that our etched work is almost exclusively “painter's etching,” that only a few of our men have attempted reproductive work, and that even these have shown little love for its more tedious if completer methods. Among these few, however, are some who must not go unmentioned. It would have been better, perhaps, to speak of Mrs. Merritt among original workmen. Her plates are chiefly portraits, done from painted or photographic originals, often from her own pictures, but, though quite elaborate in workmanship, are not exactly to be called “reproductive” etchings. Whenever she finds her theme, she treats it in a somewhat interpretative way. Her work is essentially English in flavor, delicate and pleasing, but not over-strong in handling. The portrait of Sir Gilbert Scott, after a painting by George Richmond, R. A., (published in the late *Review*) is to my thinking the best she has accomplished.

Mr. James Smillie has done good original work, but more often clever reproductions. Among the best are versions of pictures by Charles Jacque and Bridgeman. Mr. Stephen Ferris, too, has not confined himself to reproductions (having done among other original things some clever little portraits), but has won most of his reputation by their means. Mr. Peter Moran has also done reproductive work, and Mr. Thomas Moran's very large plate after the Turner in his possession, is the most ambitious and also the most successful reproductive etching yet attempted in America. While acknowledging that we have no names to put into even remote comparison with the great French and German engraver-etchers of our day, we should not at all regret that our men show more inclination toward original, free, creative work.

In looking over the foregoing pages, written but little more than three years ago, I find they read somewhat like a chapter of ancient history. The fact is gratifying, for it proves that I was not altogether too sanguine in my belief as to the vitality of the etcher's art in America—proves that it has life in its veins, and that it has been encouraged in its development by some distinct evidence



THE ROSE OF PAIN. (F. S. CHURCH.)

of public appreciation. In truth, I am told that the public—that *buying* public which alone can give real encouragement to any art—shows an actual preference to-day for American etchings. I am doubly glad, therefore, of this chance to bring my rambling comments more nearly “up to date.”

It must once more be confessed that no American etcher save Mr. Whistler only has yet reached the very front rank among his kind. But one may be something less than a really *great* etcher and still be a very admirable one—be a true artist, with a true and interesting and valuable personality of his own, and a true gift for expressing it with the etcher’s needle. And several of the artists briefly referred to in my *Century* paper have done much since it was written to make good their claim to such distinction.

Mr. Duveneck, for instance, in his recent views of Venice has given us work which is very strong, delightful in color, and (considering the theme) astonishingly individual. Once in a way he has shown too visibly the working of Mr. Whistler’s influence; but he is quite himself, and therefore infinitely more

attractive in such plates as "Desdemona's House," "The Rialto," "The Portal of St. Mark's," and "San Pietro di Castello." Their technical qualities—of a very vigorous, manly sort,—will appeal to the trained eye, and their picturesqueness even to the eye which cares not at all for technical things. And it is worth while to note how this picturesqueness is produced—not by eliminating any of the so-called "commonplace" modern elements of the scene, but just by giving these elements great prominence and contrasting them with the others. The crookedly perpendicular lines of the gondola-posts in the foreground of the "Rialto," for example, bring the subtle, beautiful curve of the bridge-arch into fullest relief, and the ragged market-boat is of more value in the scheme than even the graceful gondola near by.

Another American who has etched many Venetian scenes of late is Mr. Otto Bacher. It is interesting to compare his work with Mr. Duveneck's; first, that we may see how largely variety and individuality of result depend upon the artist, how little upon the theme; and secondly, that we may see how differently two different hands can use the same tools. To me Mr. Bacher's technical method is rather disagreeable;—which private confession I can much more than offset, however, by saying that it has found great favor in the eyes of much better judges—of Mr. Haden, to name but one. Unlike Mr. Duveneck, Mr. Bacher dwells more upon the human than upon the architectural elements in the Venetian panorama. His most characteristic plates show the work-people of the sea-city at their labors—show lace-makers and bead-stringers and washerwomen, either in some dim interior or in some sunny court-yard or under some shadowy arch-way by the water.

Of all our etchers Mr. Platt is perhaps the one who has made the greatest stride since my first chapter was written. Then he was scarcely more than a beginner, a *debutant*; to-day he is as well known as any American, and as favorably. He has partially but not altogether abandoned those home materials with which his first successes were achieved. For instance, in the recent exhibition of the Society of American Etchers at the Academy of Design he showed a number of views in Holland, but with them at least one American subject. And this—the "Hartford"—was so delightful in theme, with the long covered wooden bridge and the square tower rising over the low mass of the town, that even when put in comparison with the picturesquely grouped Dutch scenes it proved what I have more than once said already—that the American etcher may feel *tempted* but need by no means feel *compelled* to cross the water in the service of his art.

At the exhibition just named the honors were certainly divided by Mr. Platt and Mr. Parrish. To which of them seemed due the larger share was a question which depended greatly upon individual tastes—was a question of contrast between different qualities rather than a question of more and less as regarded the same qualities. Mr. Parrish, I should say, showed a stronger personality in his work; was more enthusiastic, more fervent, more poetic; his aims were more ambitious, less simple, and (so to say) modest; but he did not realize them so perfectly as Mr. Platt realized his. Mr. Platt had, in truth, arrived at a mastery over his art which Mr. Parrish—wrestling with more difficult desires—had not yet arrived at. I do not mean a mastery of its technical resources, a mastery in hand, so much as a mastery in eye and thought. He had known precisely what he wanted to do, and precisely what to do and what

AROUND CAPE ANN.

ANNISQUAM TO MARBLEHEAD.



FISH-HOUSES AT ROCKY NECK.

It would seem that Nature, when at work upon the Massachusetts coast, intended to make an island of the larger part of Cape Ann, but for some reason left it hanging to the continent by a narrow ribbon of sand. The colonial government discovered this in 1638, but put no hand to the finishing touch. Rev. Mr. Blynman, a person "of a sweet, humble, heavenly carriage," the first minister of the town, was authorized by it, "26th, 5 mo., 1643, to cut the beach through, and to maintain it, and to have the benefit of it to himself and his forever, giving the inhabitants of the town free passage." Thus the waters of Massachusetts and Ipswich bays, after a courtship of perhaps thousands of years, were joined in the bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Richard Blynman. Since that date these bays have been married and divorced many times, according to the humor of the sea or the people controlling town-meeting.

If we start from this point by water, we follow the channel down Annisquam River by Trynall Cove, up and down Mill River, in and out of Goose and Lobster coves, by beacon and light-house, in and out of Hogskin, Plum, Lane's, Folly, and Loblolly coves, by Hali-but and Andrew's points to Pigeon Cove, by the harbor of Rockport and Bearskin Neck, Long and Gap coves, Straitsmouth, Thatcher's, Milk and Salt islands, into Starknought and

Little Good harbors, and along their beaches, by Bass Rocks, Brace's Cove, and Eastern Point; rounding this into Gloucester harbor, the water-line still keeping its eccentric windings, hugging Ten Pound Island here, and there (once) Peter Mud's (now) Rocky Neck; by the old fort point, along Pavilion Beach, coming again to where the waters of the two bays mingle.

Sea coves are ever delightful, and the Cape is full of them. It always seems as if the sea went peering up into them to spy out the land, to seek a fortune, or a quiet dreaming-place, more or less succeeding in the search. It must often lose a nap, though, at Folly Cove, for this lies open to the fiercest gales.

Long before, in 1602, Captain Gosnold, in his ship the *Concord*, sailed by the Cape, pressing his weak little bark with all the sail he dared, to Cape Cod. Next year Martin Pring went sailing by, landing perhaps. Three years later, De Monts and Champlain sailed into what is now Gloucester harbor, naming it Le Beau Port. Again, a few years, and the "admiral of New England," John Smith, flitted by. (If he landed there is no record. The hotel registers of 1614 are notably incomplete.) With a few men in a small boat he ranged the coast, sounded harbors, made maps, and named everything his eyes lit on. One fair headland became Tragabigzanda,



ANNISQUAM.

but a prince renamed it Cape Ann, thereby rescuing the writer and innumerable other babies from being born Tragabigzanda-ans!

Now came the attempt to plant a colony. "Compassion towards the fisherman and partly some expectation of gain," raised in England three thousand pounds for the purpose. Fish were to be caught; some were to go across the sea to sell them, while others remained the winter through. Fourteen men, names unknown, were thus left in 1623-4, to await the return of their ship in the spring. When the departing vessel rounded the harbor-point, did they fail to go to the high rocky hill yonder and yearn after her until hull and sail sank from sight? Was ever spring looked for with more longing than by those fourteen? Hark! is that the clangor of wild geese? See! is it a sail or a cloud? Ah, a sail!—the same ship and master returned. These were the first flitting occupants of our soil,—forerunners of that multitude of watchers which this coast hath borne from that day to this!

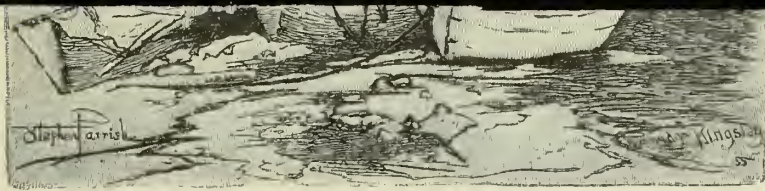
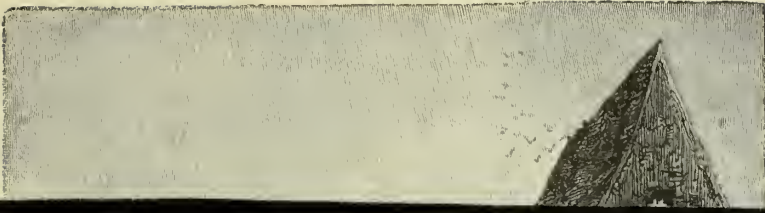
Any history is sad, but the history of a sea-coast is the saddest of all records. Not a mile of Cape Ann shore but has a tale of wreck or memorable disaster. How frequent, too, the record is "They sailed and were never heard from!" On a coast, the landmarks in men's memories are the dates of some loss. It is the storms and wrecks that are recorded; the safe returns, the dropping anchors, the furling sails, are a thousand to one, yet the sunny memories of them lengthen no human history.

The loss of no single sail from this port ever equaled that of the brig *Gloucester*, which more than a hundred years ago entered the silent fleet of the "never heard from," making sixty widows. To their ears was borne the

dismal tale that, on the night when the ship was supposed to have been lost, a ball of light (a corposant) was seen to move about the town, and stay briefly over the roof of each of the missing crew! So, we are told, the silent fleet signals the shore from its invisible decks.

Our dwellers in early days had to arm themselves against native witches and foreign ghostly marauders. One story has it that at Louisburg, in 1745, a Cape Ann soldier shot a crow with his silver sleeve-buttons, which brought down Peg Wesson, a witch here, with a broken leg, the soldier's buttons being found in the wound. Other cunning spirits would allow themselves to fall beautifully, when shot at by good powder and shot, but when the marksman, proud of his aim and happy, went to pick them up, they would vanish.

Those were the days of pirates, too. In April, 1724, the new sloop *Squirrel*, captain Andrew Harraden, came sailing into Annisquam harbor, whence only a short time before she had departed on a fishing voyage. Why this unlooked-for arrival? What is that at the mast-head—a bucket? Young eyes, what is it? The spy-glass, daughter; let me lean it on your shoulder; be spry! My God, a man's head! Ay, work fit only for a man-of-war, the deck of that simple fishing-sloop had seen. At sea, April 14th, had come John Phillips, the pirate, and taken possession of her. The *Squirrel* had caught Phillips's eye—she was a new craft, and needed only a few finishing touches. So the next day he transferred his company to her, and set skipper Harraden to work about the unfinished sloop. Here was sharp need of wit, will, and weapons; but the captured crew had the first



A "BIT" NEAR BAY VIEW.

and the second, and the third soon came with the occasion. At noon on the fourth day, while the *Squirrel* was speeding merrily on her way, Edward Cheeseman, a captured man, suddenly tossed John Nott overboard,—the agreed-on signal. Down went Phillips by the hands of Harraden; Burrell, the boatswain, was quieted by a broad-ax, and overboard, to join John Nott, went Jimmy Sparks, the gunner, whereupon the others surrendered. This gang of Phillips's had, within nine months, taken thirty-four vessels, and if the head of the leader hung as a trophy mast-high on the *Squirrel*, the thirty-fifth—why, perhaps skipper Harraden had no ensign.

The General Court of Massachusetts granted Harraden, Cheeseman, and Philmore (who laid the plan) £42 each, and Giles, Ivernay, Butman, and Lassen £32 each, for their day's deed. There is a low, dark, woody isle in

Annisquam River, named Hangman's Island, which seems to have got a dark name from its gloomy look alone, as the pirates were not hanged there, though tradition connects it in some way with this event.

Another story has for years been told by Cape Ann firesides, of another sloop, and another Andrew—this time Andrew Robinson, a Cape Ann man, whose equal it never had. Once, far from home in a harbor, he, with his two men and sloop, was captured by Indians. His men were speedily dispatched, but Robinson was reserved for a death-feast. That night he was guarded by the only sober Indian. When the others were asleep, the captain killed him, and, miles away, boarded his sloop and set sail. At daylight the Indians discovered their loss and gave pursuit. A sailing craft, in a light wind, with a helmsman only,—how easy for canoes to capture! As

they neared him, Robinson dropped his gun; the Indians bounded on deck one after another, only to fall and be thrown overboard, tomahawked by the captain—seeing which, the others wavered and withdrew, convinced that his life was charmed. His salvation was due to scupper nails which he had scattered over the deck where the enemy

named Le Beau Port, and sincerely. Harbors differ as men do. Harbors are human and something like women; they have their own times for dainty and delicate attire. To know them, you must study them, under daylight, under twilight; at sunrise and sunset; under the full harvest moon; at low tide and high tide; in a storm and after it is over; then

would alight,—the short, sharp heads and points of which gave to naked feet no foothold, but only terror and pain.

Cape Ann seems to make good report of its ministers. One, dying at thirty-three, is pictured as "of a pleasant aspect and mien; of a sweet temper, inoffensive in his whole behavior; pious and peaceable in his conversation; his ministerial gifts superior, and his fidelity, diligence, and success answerable." His salary was sixty pounds per annum as long as he could live comfortably by it. Perhaps he lived as long as he could by it and then died, thus adding to the list of his virtues that of dying rather than ask for more salary. Of another minister it is stated that "on all proper occasions he always strove to excite childhood to laughter, youth to mirth, and mature age to cheerfulness." Another came to a divided parish, and for fifty years won the hearts of his hearers by "simplicity, sincerity, and meekness." Another, zealous, faithful, and excellent, died in the eighty-third year of his age and the fifty-eighth of his ministry. Still another, becoming aged and infirm, accepted a pension of *twenty shillings a month* from the parish, after a service of forty years.

In 1606, we have seen, our harbor was

will you find some mood to admire, new beauty come to sight. Our harbor, like every other, sulks sometimes, one must allow. A dog-day's fog has hung over it, or wrung itself dry into it, to-day. Open as the highway to all farers, many kinds of craft share its favor. The deeply laden collier with its sober mien; the lumber-coaster with her deck-load suggesting the heart of pine forests in Maine; the stranger ship with salt from Spain; the sloop or schooner yacht with every grace a marvel and every line a picture,—those lilies of the sea, which toil not, neither do they spin; the tug-boat eying every sail for a summons; the fisherman with her seine-boat ready for action, idle after toil; the ferry-boat going her way so often as to have it by heart; the light, clumsy wood-coaster from the provinces, sturdily maintaining her look of indifference to the finer company around her; a single skiff shooting among the dories and boats; all pointing different ways; some with sails partly set, expectant; some with minds made up, their anchors resolutely down, and all either grieving or sulking over the uncertain weather. One hint of farewell from the setting sun, and what a change! The somber collier and coaster look careless and happy, and the yachts share the gold that falls upon them with every



GLOUCESTER HARBOR—EARLY MORNING.

homely sister, till twilight creeps and creeps
up every mast, like a miser, for every glint of
it. The woods along the western shore grow
like a deepening mystery. The tide is down,
and the weed-hung rocks seem darkly to desire
the night. One gleam is in the western sky,
the light of which little pools of tide among
the rocks sue for and obtain, by some bridge
unseen.

Seldom seems a sky so bright
As the sunset sky to-night;
Yet it lieth far away,
While I walk in twilight gray!

Lo! but here a bit of tide,
Hemmed by rock on either side,
Gleams, and in itself content
With a gleam yon sky hath sent.

Bit of sky so far and bright,
Why doth thy forgetful light,

While the day is leaving me,
Think to bless that bit of sea?

Tide, thy wall of rock about
Cannot keep that gleam without!
Sky, couldst thou withhold thy mite
From that lonely pool to-night?

Golden sky, thou seem'st to be
Some illumined memory!
Bit of sea, thou seem'st some heart
From that memory apart!

By a bridge I cannot see
Comes that far-off memory;
Heart, that memory is thine!
Heart, thy memories are mine!

To see the summer day come into the har-
bor, one must rise early. The early evening
most men know; but the early morning—
what is it? How many of us know it? How



OLD FISH-HOUSE—GLOUCESTER.

many love it? One star is skipper and crew of the whole heavens, and, weary with its watch, "turns in," not curious to see what the day is like. The wind is sleeping. A boat here and there puts off to some vessel. "Schooner ahoy!" says a voice from the shore, and she *ahoy*s. Sail and hull and rope and block are duplicated in the tide below. That was a yawn of the awaking wind. Notes of preparation deepen. Sail after sail is swayed up. Anchors break their hold; then comes the quickened clink, clink, of the windlass; the jib is hoisted, and the south-west wind, no longer napping, fills it and a hundred other sails that make their way out of the harbor in the morning sunlight, to and fro.

The first schooner-rigged craft that ever swam, it is claimed, was built by Andrew

posed the Cape Ann fleet in 1693; now it has nearly five hundred sail, of almost twenty-eight thousand tons, and Gloucester is the largest fishing port in the land. Its fleet is manned by men of every clime. A tide of young men, mainly from the Provinces, sets steadily toward this port. Many have the characteristic recklessness of the sailor, and earnings of weeks are spent between sunset and sunrise. There is among them no sailor cut of clothes, and ashore they follow the prevailing fashions, down to lager beer. All haunts are prepared for Jack, and he is prepared for all haunts. As in all other callings, thrift follows prudence and industry, though he seem to lie open to the changes and chances of luck. You will see his cottage commanding the finest sea view, for on the heights lie the



EAST GLOUCESTER.

Robinson at East Gloucester, in 1713, and named the *Schooner*. It was a handy craft for rig, but, even down to fifty years ago, a clumsy body. Cape Ann vessels are mostly built at Essex, a few miles from Gloucester; up a river or crooked creek, the builders construct and launch their faithful work for all sorts of seas to mock at and all sorts of weather to try. So they were building thirty years ago, when one, more venturesome, suddenly departed from the models of the day, sharpening the bow and hollowing the run. What talk among the fishermen! Who would go in her? What a — of a rake! What a sheer! She was manned, though; became successful, and very soon others were on the stocks modeled after the *Romp*, the pet of the fleet.

Six sloops, one boat, and one shallop com-

posed the Cape Ann fleet in 1693; now it has nearly five hundred sail, of almost twenty-eight thousand tons, and Gloucester is the largest fishing port in the land. Its fleet is manned by men of every clime. A tide of young men, mainly from the Provinces, sets steadily toward this port. Many have the characteristic recklessness of the sailor, and earnings of weeks are spent between sunset and sunrise. There is among them no sailor cut of clothes, and ashore they follow the prevailing fashions, down to lager beer. All haunts are prepared for Jack, and he is prepared for all haunts. As in all other callings, thrift follows prudence and industry, though he seem to lie open to the changes and chances of luck. You will see his cottage commanding the finest sea view, for on the heights lie the

Here are no labor strikes. The sailor brings in a fare of fish, perhaps all he has caught, by themselves. They are weighed off, the vessel is put to rights, and he goes up to the counting-room for his check. The whole value of the fish is reckoned by the vessel-owner or his clerk; then is deducted cost of ice and bait bought; then, one-quarter of one per cent. for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund; one half the remainder belongs to the owner, the other to him. From his part is then deducted charges for wood-sawing and splitting, for water, medicine-chest, condensed milk, and any charge for labor on the vessel which

belonged to him to do, but which has been hired done. His check is then handed him, and he presents it in person, or it finds its devious way to the bank by other—perhaps not cleaner—hands.

One of the most exciting scenes imaginable is that of a fleet of hundreds making the port in a storm. In a north-east gale they must beat in. All day long, by twos and threes, they come. It is luff, bear away, or tack ship to avoid a smash. Crack, snap, goes a jib-boom off. Crack, snap, there is one main-boom the less. Hoarse voices of the skippers howl in entreaty or command above the howling gale, and the shore is lined with listening lookers-on.

A visit to Cape Ann is hardly a visit unless one has driven around it. Almost every

named the "Poles." On an unguarded side it may be climbed. At the western base a rocky pasture rolls up hill and down, to the river.

Toward sunrise, across the creek, up beyond the green meadows, lies a bit of old brown road over a hill, leading only to the hearth-stones of a "vanished settlement," to what in old time was the town. If you sit down there, it will be to wonder what the dwellers fed on, and how babies ever grew to men on this uncertain soil. The multitude of stones seem like flocks and herds, held by some spell of enchantment, and one waits half expectant to see if haply they may not resume their wonted ways, and fall to grazing the little grass there is.

Now we descend from the "Poles" to the highway again, cross the bridge by the old mill,



MARBLEHEAD FROM THE HARBOR.

variety of scenery is met with and enjoyed during the fifteen miles' drive—miniature forests and mountains, and mimic seas. Out of the city we follow the highway northward. Many a by-way with its legend will entreat us to turn into it. The house on the left, with the upper story projecting over the lower, was in old times a tavern. Here the five selectmen of 1740 met to be sworn in, on which occasion the bill against the town for their entertainment, including "licker," was £3 18s. 2d.

Now to the right lie orchard and meadow, with a salt-water creek winding between. On the left stands an old mansion, on whose walls hangs a portrait of a lady by Copley. Farther on, also to the left, a mass of gray rock lifts itself high above the way like a battlement,

by the church of Riverdale, rising as the road rises, until we catch again glimpses of river creeks and coves, making, as has been said, "the scenery bewildering in beauty." Now a quick turn of the road, and to the left, we look down a rocky vale to a river creek, and ahead into a vista of overarching willows; under them by an old mill and over Goose Cove bridge; then in a few minutes we are on the bridge that spans Lobster Cove. Our eyes rest on the rocky ridge where the first settlers of Cape Ann lived, and where they now lie with scarcely earth enough to cover them. One side of the cove is bordered by a hill-side of pine-woods. Along the other lies all the quaintness there is left in 'Squam. Olden buildings face divers ways, with their bits of land and ledge. One looking broadly to the southern sun,



THE TOWN OF MARBLEHEAD.

with a face partly dark and partly light, confesses to a divided ownership. Old wharves remain, which commerce has forsaken and forgotten, whereon the grass has only half a mind to grow, and the soil scarcely any mind to let it live. Only a decrepit boat or two abandoned to die, or dismantled just enough to show that the owner has in mind for them yet a voyage or two more—only these are left to tell of her sea-faring life. The days when the sloop *Squirrel*, to the old wives' wonder, sails in and drops anchor in Annisquam harbor, with a pirate's head for an ensign, are departed.

Farther on we hear the clink of the quarrymen's hammers: miles and miles of stone have been carried away from the heart of Cape Ann. Across the bay looms the eastern shore. Sea-coves invite the road down, or the road invites the sea alongside. One little nook—a cove of a cove—we look into from the road, or a bit of bridge that goes over it. From this nook, these two hundred years, the fisherman's encounter with the sea and fate has been hand to hand. His craft a dory, he wins his bread by hook and line, or sets his net and lobster-trap for luck. A mossy fish-house flanks one side; on the other, the home of the fisher-folk stands, almost within reach of the tide, with a tree or two to ward off the gaze of the curious passer-by.

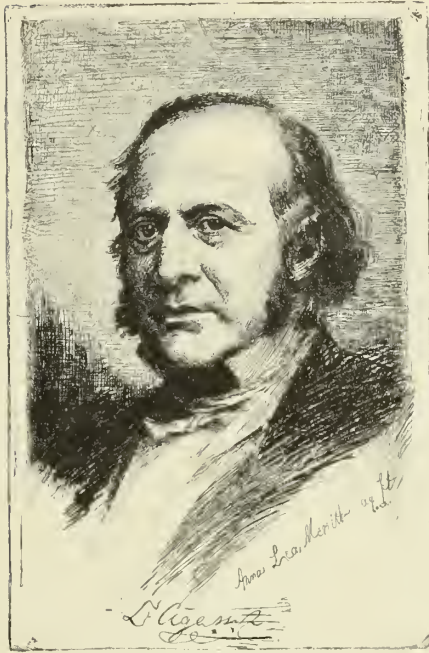
On again, and we are at the end of the Cape, Pigeon Cove, where, it is said, in 1692, two young men built the first house as a refuge for their mother, who was denounced at Salem as a witch. Since that day, Pigeon Cove has had many a lover of its sea gleams

and glooms, its crags, its forest-paths and pastures of fern and sweet-scented bayberry-bushes, its bird-songs, its tinkling tides, and the sea-flavored talk of its old fisher-folk. Dana, the poet, discovered its charms forty years ago. Then another poet, Bryant, gave to woods, and fields, and shores the added charms of his presence. Then came artists, authors, and divines, and after the few, the multitude. The old gambrel-roofed inn and cozy quietude was obliged to make way for the Mansard and the summer throng.

One thing the loungers and all his throng cannot take away—the old, old blue sea. Here it is, blue as far as the eye can go, and blue beyond. The many-handed sea! common carrier for all faring kind! Twice a day it fills, with the royal wine of its favor, the goblets it has hollowed out of the rock. Upon it east and west bound fleets come and go their silent way, all the more weird when they pass the silver wake of the moon. Happy vision if we chance to see a fleet of a hundred sail hover in the near offing!

Under the light of the full moon we ride on the remaining five or six miles to complete the tour, through the town of Rockport, and the farming suburbs of the city.

Vater and Gattin, whom these pages know, one summer day planned a row in their boat, the *Idler*, from Le Beau Port along the shore to Magnolia, a few miles. A fine thing to do at the best, but at the worst, not fine enough to tempt one twice. As they started, the wavelets, thinking it very jolly, no doubt, put little white feathers in their green caps and danced away to the shore. Vater rowed past Fisher-



LOUIS AGASSIZ. (ANNA LEA MERRITT.)

to leave undone in order to succeed. And the leaving of things undone is no small part of the artist's task with such a craft as etching. In the great *art of omitting* Mr. Platt is in truth accomplished, and this is what gave his prints their simplicity, their harmony, their breadth and unity of effect—what made it impossible to pick flaws in them as we could in the more poetical and fervid work of Mr. Parrish. Here we sometimes found confusion, disharmony, lack of repose and breadth. If I may so express myself, Mr. Parrish's work was poetry, somewhat imperfectly constructed, somewhat lacking in balance and harmony and rhythm—poetry attractive and genuine, but a little halting in expression as compared with the beautifully artistic prose which Mr. Platt had wrought. And our preference was given, I repeat, according to the general trend of our individual tastes in all such matters.

Mr. Pennell was barely represented in this exhibition, much to the regret of those who had looked thereto for a full expression of American talent. Nevertheless he has not been idle, as the contents of Mr. Keppel's portfolios show. A number of Italian subjects, daintily strong in execution, picturesque in composition, and charming (if somewhat willful) in their strong contrasts of black and white, form an interesting variety upon his earlier efforts with the material he found at home in Philadelphia; and we may look with pleasure to the future outcome of the stay he is now making in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moran and Mr. Kruseman Van Elten have added largely to the list of their etchings during the past few years; Mr. Church has given us a number of new and charming fantasies, among which the little "Cold Morning, Sir!" is remarkable for its naïf expressiveness; and Dr. Yale has at last taken the place which has long awaited him among "professional" artists—that is, has published and not merely printed for private gratification, a large and

interesting plate, marked by much individuality of sentiment, called "August Twilight, Larchmont Manor."

An etcher who has come upon the scene very recently but has already won herself a worthy place is Miss Edith Loring Peirce. Her "Road to the Sea, Nonquitt, Massachusetts," was one of the American plates at the Paris Salon a year ago. It is very simple in theme—merely a stretch of low coast-land with a few scattered shrubs and a white road stretching away towards the slightly-lifted horizon line. But a great deal is told in this simplicity. The very spirit of such a scene is caught and given. Even without the title we should know that there was salt in the air and the sea at the end of the road. And the artificial printing adds an extremely truthful effect of deepening shadow with the light still lingering low down in the sky.

The fact that this has been a very successful etching from a commercial point of view may be used as a text to explain how the public's influence is affecting the etcher's practice. Had it been a piece of frank etching, without any such "tone" as the printer has supplied to it, there can hardly be a doubt that it would have been less popular, simply because the public has not yet learned to value etched work chiefly for those qualities which make its chiefest excellence. I will not say that the average eye is offended by the frank omissions and the succinct language of the single-minded etcher—by the comparatively small measure of elaboration and large measure of *suggestion* upon which he depends when he works most in the spirit of his art. But I will say that it has not yet learned to value these things as they should be valued—above all others. It has not yet learned that just these things (of course if beautifully realized and not merely aimed at or simulated) are what give an etching its highest possible value. It does not see that the etcher who can say a great deal with a few lines, who can suggest much while explaining, elaborating very little, is by this very fact a greater etcher than the one who, to say as much, to suggest as much, needs many lines and full explanations. It persists in regarding an etching like one of Mr. Whistler's, or, to take a transcendent example of the *multum in parvo*, like Mr. Haden's "Erith Marshes," as a sketch—using the word to mean something incomplete, fragmentary, or, to quote the popular term, "unfinished." When the average purchaser wants an etching, he wants a "picture," wants "something finished"—something that will give him in black and white a parallel kind of pleasure to the kind given by a painting or an elaborate water-color.

Hence, as the dealers will tell us, there is always a greater demand for reproductive than for painter-etchings; and among painter-etchings the demand is greatest for those in which the artist's aims and methods have approached most nearly to those of the reproductive workman. Either an etching in which more or less complete effects of tone are given by artificial printing or an etching which has its forms and tones elaborately worked out with the needle—this as a rule is what the public asks for. And as a consequence—a natural and necessary consequence, and one with which we have not the smallest right to reproach our artists—many men who could etch and who have etched in the most purely etcher-like way are now beginning to etch in what I may call a pictorial way. We need not reproach them, I say; we have but ourselves to thank. After marking the cause we need only inquire, in presence of their work, whether or

no it is good of its kind. We must judge it by its own standards, and, however much we might personally prefer something different, we should heartily rejoice if it succeeds in its own special aims.

We may look forward with interest, for example, to a large etching which I am told Mr. Bacher is now preparing as a definite answer to the public's demands—an elaborate picture of Milan Cathedral in one of those better aspects where its alien and unfortunate façade is not revealed. We may delight in a large view of a canal at Chartres by Mr. Platt, which is already in Mr. Keppel's portfolio, and which shows that he, too, is at times more painter-like, less purely etcher-like in his aims than in the works I have just described. We may delight in it, for it is an admirable work of its kind, and, though a connoisseur would certainly prefer his other kind, this is far more likely to win the public's eye.

But our finest etchings of this sort, I should say, are those of Mr. Peter Moran. Three that I have recently seen—one showing cattle in a storm, another cattle crossing a summer brook, and a third, sheep in a shady spring-time pasture—are truly remarkable works. They are very elaborate in treatment, yet they show that valuable kind of artistic discretion which knows *where to stop*. They are not in any place over-elaborate—that is, there is never any elaboration for the sake of elaboration merely, never any effort to “finish” for the mere sake of finishing. Even in their most closely worked passages every line is beautifully placed and full of meaning, and there are other passages, finely harmonized with the more detailed, where the untouched paper is wisely left to play its part. They are, in short, true etchings, if very elaborate ones—etchings wrought with a true respect for the intrinsic capabilities of the art and a true and very masterly command over its processes. Their technical qualities have won the very highest praise in Paris, where, if anywhere, good etching is understood and prized. And their pictorial qualities are yet so great that the eye most ignorant of etching must be charmed by them. If we will ask for “pictures” from our etchers, we should indeed rejoice when they give them to us of so complete a kind, and yet with so much of the intrinsic charm of etching, properly so called, as does Mr. Peter Moran.

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

9 WEST NINTH STREET,
March, 1886.



CHARLES MÉRYON

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

ALTHOUGH Charles Méryon would not be a very old man were he living to-day, yet the difficulty of procuring his etchings is almost as great as it would be in the case of Rembrandt, Van Dyck or Claude. Few were printed, because few were wanted, and to-day these few are eagerly sought for, or jealously hoarded by those who possess them.

Twenty years ago Méryon would gladly have sold one of his finest prints for the price of his breakfast. The value to-day of that same etching would have sufficed to maintain him in comfort for a year,—but neglect, disappointment and want drove him insane, and he died miserably in the madhouse of Paris in 1868.

“The case of Charles Méryon is one of those painful ones which recur in every generation, to prove the fallibility of the popular judgment. Méryon was one of the greatest and most original artists who have appeared in Europe. He is one of the immortals. His name will be inscribed on the noble roll where Dürer and Rembrandt live forever. . . . He has sorely tried public and national indifference, and in a moment of bitter discouragement he destroyed the most magnificent series of his plates.

“When we think of the scores of mediocre engravers of all kinds, who, without one ray of imagination, live decently and contentedly by their trade, and then of this rare and sublime genius actually plowing deep burin lines across his inspired work, because no man regarded it; and when we remember that this took place in Paris, in our own enlightened nineteenth century, it makes us doubt whether, after all, we are much better than savages or barbarians.”

Since Mr. Hamerton wrote the eloquent paragraph just quoted, we have had formal biographies of Méryon and learned and critical commentaries on his etchings, while public museums vie with wealthy amateurs for their possession; but all too late for poor Méryon! His brother etchers, Seymour Haden, Charles Jacque, and Meissonier (all of them his seniors), are alive to-day and enjoying the

renown that their works have brought them,—while, for eighteen years, “He sleeps well,” after what surely was to him “life’s fitful fever,” and lies buried in the cemetery of the asylum at Charenton.

Charles Méryon was born in Paris on the 23d of November, 1821. He was the son of Charles Lewys Méryon, an English physician. His mother was Pierre Narcisse Chaspoux, a French ballet dancer. The father seems to have neglected him utterly; while his mother did all that she could for her son—watching over his education with tender care, and at her death leaving him 20,000 francs.

In his seventeenth year Méryon entered the Naval School at Brest, and after two years of study went to sea as a cadet, and in due time rose to the rank of lieutenant. During the seven years spent in the Navy he visited New Zealand, Australia, and New Caledonia, as well as the seaports of the Mediterranean; and it was in 1846 that, owing to the feebleness of his constitution, he resigned his commission, and, taking a studio in the old Latin quarter of Paris, resolved to study painting. He soon found this career closed against him by reason of his color-blindness, and he did not discover his true vocation until his attention was directed to etching by Eugène Bléry, whose pupil he became for six months. Bléry worked somewhat in the conventional style of De Boissieu, and he evidently taught his pupil nothing except the mere technique of the process. Méryon’s real master in art was Reinier Zeeman, a Dutch etcher of the seventeenth century, whose views of the Paris of his day inspired our artist to undertake the great work of his life—his “Eaux fortes sur Paris.”

At this time Baron Haussmann, under the commands of Louis Napoleon, was constructing his monotonously handsome modern streets and boulevards out of the picturesque labyrinth of old Paris; not reverently restoring and preserving, but ruthlessly demolishing and obliterating; and Méryon’s passionate artist-soul was grieved at a destruction which he was powerless to prevent. Had those men but known what a rare genius was among them, and had they then commissioned him to do adequately and with authority what he did furtively and incompletely, the world would have been the richer by a completed masterpiece, and the precious life of Méryon might have been preserved. But the great opportunity was lost, and it was amid discouragement, sickness, and poverty that Méryon etched “the most magnificent series of his plates.” The enlightened committee of the *Salon* refused admission to these superb works; the wealthy publishers would not touch them, and the artist was fain to leave a few here and there “on sale” among the “petits marchands” of the Latin quarter.

A pathetic story of this period, never before published, was related to the writer by Monsieur Beillet, a patriarchal old man, who, after having worked at the same printing-press for forty-eight years, has recently retired on a competency of six francs a day: “Méryon came stealing into my atelier, looking even more nervous and wild than usual, and bringing with him two sheets of paper and the plate of his Abside de Notre Dame. ‘Monsieur Beillet,’ said he, ‘I want you to print me two proofs of this plate,’ and added, timidly, ‘I cannot pay you till I sell them—don’t refuse me!’” “How much did you charge him for the printing?” “Oh, dix sous les deux.” (Ten cents, that Méryon could not pay for two proofs of his loveliest plate!) An exclamation of pity on his hearer’s part was mistakenly appropriated by the practical old printer, for he added: “Mais oui, Monsieur,—I never got my money.”

Such an accumulation of troubles might well have broken down a healthier mind. In a fit of frenzy he destroyed his finest plates, and peace only came to him when they laid him in a lunatic's grave. He died on the 14th of February, 1868.

Our first impulse is to be angry with those who, knowing him to be a great artist, yet allowed him to perish; but Méryon was a man whom it was not easy to befriend; he was morbidly suspicious and irritable, and would accept nothing that looked like a charity.

Seymour Haden, Philip Burty, and Monsieur Niel, all tried to aid him, but were repulsed in a manner that would have been inexcusable in a sane man. Mr. Haden writes: "One day, though I knew the difficulty of approaching him, I went to see Méryon. I found him in a little room, high up on Montmartre, scrupulously clean and orderly; a bed in one corner, a printing-press in another, a single chair and a small table in another, and in the fourth an easel with a plate pinned against it, at which he was standing at work. He did not resent my visit, but, with a courtesy quite natural, offered me, and apologized for, the single chair, and at once began to discuss the resources and charms of etching. He was also good enough to allow me to take away with me a few impressions of his work, for which, while his back was turned, I was scrupulous to leave on the table what I was sure was more than the dealers would have given for them; and so we parted, the best of friends. But what followed shows how, even then, his mind was unhinged. I had walked fully two miles in the direction of Paris, and was entering a shop in the Rue de Richelieu, when I became aware that Méryon, much agitated, was following me. He said he must have back the proofs I had bought of him; that they were of a nature to compromise him, and that from what he knew of 'the etched work which I called my own,' he was determined I should not take them to England with me! I, of course, gave them back to him, and he went his way."

The same eminent authority says: "The art of Méryon stands alone. Like the work of every true genius, it resembles in no one feature the work of any one else. His method was this—First, he made not a sketch but a number of sketches, two or three inches square, of parts of his picture, which he put together and arranged into a harmonious whole. What is singular, and a proof of his concentrativeness, is that the result has none of the artificial character usual to this kind of treatment, but that it is always broad and simple, and that the poetical motive is never lost sight of." Mr. Hamerton says: "His work was sanity itself,"—and Victor Hugo wrote during the artist's lifetime: "These etchings are magnificent things. We must not allow this splendid imagination to be worsted in the struggle. Strengthen him by all the encouragements possible."

While the renown of Méryon must always rest upon the twelve principal plates of the "Paris Set," yet his personality—if not his great art—is maintained in several prints of fantastic verses, composed as well as etched by himself. These verses remind one of the similar productions of William Blake; but here the parallel ends, for the English artist, though always poor, lived a happy life and died at a good old age.

Others of his works (notably some of the portraits) were done for bread, and the etcher evidently had little heart in his work. But though some of those

prints are greatly inferior to others, yet everything from the hand of this unique genius is worthy of study.

Thus lived, suffered and died the unhappy Méryon. To him, of all artists, was reserved the power to make stone walls eloquent. Rembrandt could paint or etch the soul of a man in his face; Corot made every landscape a poem; Jules Breton, also, is a poet in his art. But Méryon — while giving exact pictures of the buildings of his native city imparted to them at the same time his own intense personality to a degree never before achieved.

The style and touch of any great artist is easily recognized; for example, the Italian Piranesi, whose etchings of ancient Roman ruins have a grandiose splendor almost greater than the buildings themselves; but style is a different endowment from this intangible gift of personality. John Stuart Mill gives us an intellectual impersonality; but who can read the *Vicar of Wakefield* and not feel the intimate presence of Oliver Goldsmith? Or the *Essays of Elia* without thinking of Charles Lamb more than of his book?

Similarly, the man Méryon seems present in every line that he drew, and now that he is at rest posterity will keep his memory green.

FREDERICK KEPPEL.

NEW YORK, March 22, 1886.



BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



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